

SEPT.
No. 5

"MEN WITHOUT FEAR"

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A
N
G
E
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DANGER

10c
K

TRAPPED IN A PIT WITH
A MAN-EATING BENGAL TIGER..

HUNGRY KILLER



TWENTY SECONDS TO SAVE
MASS DEATH IN N.Y. SUBWAY...
DETONATION SQUAD



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FOR YEARS JIM CRAIG, COLLECTOR OF LIVE WILD ANIMALS, HAD LIVED WITH DANGER, BUT NEVER BEFORE HAD HE FACED, AT THE SAME TIME, HUMAN TREACHERY AND SIX HUNDRED POUNDS OF...

HUNGRY KILLER



THE ABOVE INCIDENT TOOK PLACE ON THE GROUNDS OF THE MAGNIFICENT PALACE OF THE MAHARAJA OF BANDOR, IN INDIA, WHERE I WAS A GUEST OF THE MAHARAJA AND HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE, THE FORMER LILLIAN WELD. AS I REACHED HER...



IT IS HARDLY FITTING, CRAIG SAHIB, TO ADDRESS THE MAHARANI WITH SUCH FAMILIARITY, AND IT IS UNFORGIVABLE THAT THE MAHARANI SHOULD SO FORGET HER DIGNITY!

YOUR HIGHNESS! WE BOTH ACTED ON IMPULSE CAUSED BY THE DANGER!



BELIEVE ME, I CAME FOR YOUR PERMISSION TO COLLECT WILD ANIMALS, NOT TO MAKE LOVE TO YOUR WIFE!

OF COURSE, I UNDERSTAND! LET US GO TO THE TERRACE FOR REFRESHMENTS!



**SPEAKING
IN HIS NATIVE
TONGUE, THE
MAHARAJA
DISMISSED
HIS WIFE
CURTLY, THEN
TOOK MY ARM
AND LED ME
TO THE
TERRACE...**



**THE ANIMAL HAS
CAUSED ME TOO
MUCH ANNOYANCE.
I SHALL HAVE HIM
DESTROYED.**



**THAT BEAUTIFUL
BEAST! THE
MAHARANI WAS
ONLY TRYING TO
TAKE HIS PHOTO-
GRAPH.... YOUR
HIGHNESS, WOULD
YOU CONSIDER
SELLING THE
LEOPARD TO ME?**

**I WILL DO BETTER THAN THAT, CRAIG
SAHIB! IF YOU CAN CAPTURE A MAN-
EATER ALIVE I'LL GIVE YOU THE
LEOPARD AND THE MAN EATER!**



**I'LL TAKE
YOU UP ON
THAT! IT'S
A DEAL!**



**I LITTLE REALIZED THE IMPLI-
CATIONS OF MY BARGAIN, OR
THAT I HAD TAKEN PART IN THE
FIRST ACT OF A DEADLY DRAMA.
BUT THAT NIGHT THE CURTAIN
ROSE ON THE SECOND ACT, AS
DEATH STALKED A JUNGLE
TRAIL...**



**SUDDENLY AN
INVISIBLE FOE
STRUCK WITH
FANGS OF STEEL!
THE GREAT
BEAST SCREAM-
ED IN RAGE AND
TERROR!**

**THE STRICKEN BEAST COULD
NOT KNOW OF THE BOUNTY THE
MAHARAJA HAD PLACED ON
ALL TIGERS, OR THE ORUEL
MEANS SOME WOULD TAKE TO
SATISFY THEIR GREED! HE
KNEW ONLY THAT HE MUST
ESCAPE!**



**ALONE IN HIS
LAIR THE
STRICKEN
TIGER LICKED
HIS WOUNDS
UNTIL
HUNGER
GNAWED
FIERCELY.
THEN HE WENT
FORTH IN A
HOPELESS
SEARCH FOR
FOOD. BUT
WHAT MATCH
WAS HE NOW
FOR THE
FLEET-
FOOTED
ANTELOPE?**



**WHEN THE PANGS OF HUNGER BECAME
UNBEARABLE, THE BEAST FORGOT EVERY-
THING, EVEN HIS INSTINCTIVE FEAR OF THE
"MAN SCENT." FOR SOMEHOW HE KNEW
THAT MAN WAS NOT SWIFT OR STRONG,
THAT MAN WAS FOOD THAT HE COULD
CATCH!**



AND THUS A MAN-EATER WAS BORN! ONCE HE HAD TASTED BLOOD, NO OTHER FOOD WOULD SATISFY THIS GIANT OF THE JUNGLE!



SHUM REALLY GOT THOSE BOYS HOPPING. A SHORT TIME LATER THE PIT WAS ALMOST FINISHED...



I WAS IN THE BONDOR HOTEL WHEN WORD OF THE KILL ARRIVED FROM THE MAHARAJA. WITH A TRUCKLOAD OF EQUIPMENT AND SHUM, MY HINDU BOY, I HURRIED TO THE SCENE...

YOU MUST BE QUICK ABOUT THIS CAPTURE, SAHIB, THESE NATIVES ARE TOO FRIGHTENED TO WORK.

VERY WELL, YOUR HIGHNESS !!



IT WAS NECESSARY TO ORDER THE BODY OF THE POOR COOLIE LEFT LYING IN THE FIELD. THEN I DIRECTED THE DIGGING OF A DEEP PIT IN THE JUNGLE TRAIL, WHERE THE TIGER STALKED...



GOOD, COVER THE HOLE WELL WITH THOSE PALM LEAVES. MR. MAN EATER IS GOING TO GET QUITE A SURPRISE WHEN HE RETURNS FOR HIS NEXT MEAL!



WE BEGAN OUR VIGIL OF WAITING IN A PLANTATION HOUSE A MILE FROM THE TRAP. FOR TWO NIGHTS NOTHING HAPPENED. THEN ON THE THIRD NIGHT THE TIGER RETURNED ALONG THE SAME JUNGLE TRAIL FOR ANOTHER FEAST...



EVEN AT THE CABIN I HEARD THE SNARLING RAGE OF THE TRAPPED BEAST. I SENT OUT THE MEN AT ONCE AND HAD THEM COVER THE PIT OPENING WITH LOGS THAT HAD BEEN CUT AND PLACED NEARBY FOR THAT VERY PURPOSE...



I SENT A MESSENGER AT ONCE TO THE PALACE TO ADVISE THE MAHARAJA. THEN RETURNED TO THE PLANTATION CABIN. AT THE CRACK OF DAWN I LED MY PARTY TO THE PIT, AS...



WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO? LET YOUR WIFE GET HERSELF KILLED?



I HAD NEVER SEEN SUCH HATE IN A MAN'S FACE AS WAS EXPRESSED FOR AN INSTANT IN THE MAHARAJA'S I TRIED TO EASE THE SITUATION...



I'M SORRY, HIGHNESS. I WAS IMPULSIVE AGAIN. BUT... YOU SEE... THE DANGER.



I HAVE HAD MEN KILLED FOR LESS, CRAIG SAHIB! YET I REALIZE THE MAHARANI'S PASSION... FOR... PHOTOGRAPHY... IS OUT OF PLACE. ...PROCEED!

I TURNED AWAY AND CALLED SHUM, ORDERING HIM TO BRING THE ROPE. THEN WITH THE BOY ORDERING THE COOLIES, I STARTED THE TICKLISH JOB OF ROPING MY PREY...

GET MORE ROPE READY, SHUM! I'M GOING TO GET HIM THIS TIME!



I TOOK AN HOUR OF BACKBREAKING, RELENTLESS TUGGING AND ROPING BEFORE THE TIGER WAS SECURED SUFFICIENTLY TO HOIST HIM TOWARD THE SURFACE. BUT AT LAST...

HEAVE! TELL 'EM TO HEAVE, SHUM! AND FOR GOD'S SAKE TELL 'EM TO HOLD THOSE LINES!



OKAY! HOLD HIM THERE! SHUM, GET THE BOYS TO BRING THE CRATE HERE FOR LOWERING!

TO HEAR IS TO OBEY, SAHIB!



GRADUALLY WE LOWERED THE CRATE, BUT OUR PRISONER HAD BECOME A MANIAC!





THINGS WERE GOING WONDERFULLY...
COMPARATIVELY... WHEN SUDDENLY...



I KNEW DEATH WAS ONLY SECONDS AWAY! I WAS CLAWED AND ALMOST TORN APART... AND THE GREAT JAWS WAVED BEFORE ME AS THE HUGE TIGER BRACED HIS HIND LEGS TO SPRING!



THERE IS A DESPERATION THAT COMES OF HOPELESSNESS, THAT CAUSES THE HANDS TO DO WHAT COMMON SENSE WOULD CALL FOOLISHNESS. I STRUCK OUT, SOCKING THE BEAST HARD ON THE SNOUT!



I SENT HOME THE HASP ON THE CAGE AND SANK DOWN, WEAK AND HELPLESS...

SHUM! SHUM!
FOR GOD'S SAKE,
GET THIS BEAST
OUT OF HERE!

COMING
SAHIB!



I LOOKED AWAY AND SAW THE MAHARANI. THEN I KNEW. IT WAS THE MAHARAJAH'S FERCE JEALOUSY THAT HAD CAUSED THE CUTTING OF THE ROPES, AND BY THE SAME TOKEN HIS ELEMENTAL RESPECT FOR BRUTE COURAGE THAT HAD CAUSED HIS EXPRESSION OF ADMIRATION...



THERE WAS JUST A FRACTION OF A SECOND WHEN THE TIGER WAS OFF BALANCE, IT WAS ALL I NEEDED. I SLAMMED DOWN THE LID OF THE CRATE... HARD, TRYING TO STUN THE ANIMAL FOR AN INSTANT...



WHO SLASHED THOSE ROPES THAT HELD THE TIGER?
@@#**!!
TELL ME!

SAHIB!
!!!!
WE CANNOT!



I WAS WEAK AND GETTING WEAKER, BUT SOMETHING... AN ANGRY FURY, MOST LIKE LY-- BUOYED ME UP, AS I SAW...

IT WAS I, CRAIG SAHIB! BUT YOU HAVE COME THROUGH ALIVE! YOU HAVE EARNED THE LEOPARD AND THE TIGER! MY HAND IS ON IT!

YOU!
YOU DID THAT?



HELP ME TO THE TRUCK, SHUM. SEE TO THE CRATING OF THE LEOPARD AND THE TIGER...

TO HEAR IS TO OBEY, SAHIB.



THE TWO ANIMALS LANDED EVENTUALLY IN A LARGE MID-WESTERN ZOO IN THE UNITED STATES. BUT FOR THREE MONTHS I LAY AT DEATH'S DOOR. IT WAS MORE THAN A YEAR BEFORE I COULD RESUME MY ACTIVITIES AGAIN.

WHEN I WAS ONCE MORE ABLE TO GET AROUND, I LEARNED THAT THE MAHARANI HAD FLED THE COUNTRY AND ONCE MORE WAS AN AMERICAN... ONCE MORE LILLIAN WELD, AND THANKFUL FOR IT.



THE END



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"With God...

all things are possible!"

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IN A MATTER OF MINUTES THE SEASURF BECAME A STEEL COFFIN FORTY FATHOMS DOWN. THIRTY FIVE TRAPPED MEN HAD BUT A SINGLE HOPE: THEIR LIVES DEPENDED ON THE NAVY DIVERS. IN THEIR HANDS WAS LIFE OR COLD...

DEEP DEATH



by PETER MORISI

IT WAS TO BE HER LAST TRIAL DIVE WITH A SKELETON CREW. THUS, THE NEWLY BUILT SEASERF HAD ABOARD ONLY THIRTY FIVE OF HER FULL COMPLEMENT OF FIFTY-SIX MEN. HER DIESELS THROBBED RHYTHMICALLY AND DREW GREAT BREATHS THROUGH THE HUGE AIR INDUCTION FUNNEL JUST ABAFT THE BRIDGE.



ON THE BRIDGE THE SEASERF'S COMMANDING OFFICER, LIEUTENANT PAUL NAGEL, STOOD ENTHRALLED BY THE RHYTHMIC POWER OF THE VESSEL. THEN HE TURNED TO ENSIGN JOHN BENTON WHO WAS BESIDE HIM.

RIG FOR DIVING, BENTON.



LIEUTENANT NAGEL WENT BELOW. ONE BY ONE HIS ORDERS WERE CARRIED OUT. NOW ALL LIGHTS ON THE CONTROL BOARD ...THE "CHRISTMAS TREE" WERE GREEN... ALL VENTS AND VALVES WERE CLOSED.



EVERYTHING WAS READY. THE DIESELS WERE SHUT OFF AND THE VESSEL NOW SWITCHED TO HER ELECTRIC MOTORS, FED BY GREAT STORAGE BATTERIES. THE SEASURF HAD BEGUN HER DIVE.



AT FIFTY FEET NAGEL LOOKED UP FROM HIS STOP WATCH AND GRINNED AT LIEUTENANT HARVEY KANE, SECOND IN COMMAND...

A NICE DIVE, HARVEY. PREPARE TO LEVEL OFF.

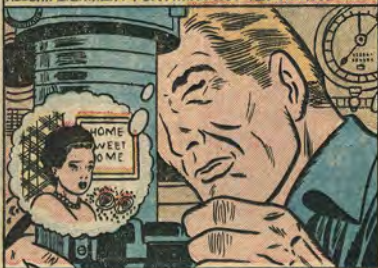
YES, SIR.



THE CREW SETTLED DOWN TO ITS ROUTINE. UNDER THE ENGINE ROOM WERE THE ELECTRIC MOTORS AND THE BATTERY PITS. ELECTRICIANS STARTED CHECKING THE BATTERIES IN THE STERN...



AS THE SUBMARINE LEVELED OFF LIEUTENANT NAGEL TOOK HIS PLACE AT THE PERISCOPE. HE WAS A CONTENTED MAN THAT DAY. HE COMMANDED THE NATION'S NEWEST SUBMARINE, AND WHEN THE TESTS WERE OVER HE WOULD MARRY NAN HOLIDAY, QUITE AN ACCOMPLISHMENT FOR A MAN NOT YET THIRTY.



WHAT WAS THAT?

I DON'T KNOW, SIR!

WHAM!

TAKE 'ER UP, SIR! THE INDUCTION VALVES ARE OPEN! THE ENGINE ROOM IS FLOODING FAST!!

GOOD HEAVENS!



THE TREMENDOUS PRESSURE OF THE OCEAN DEPTHS SENT THE SEA FLOODING INTO THE ENGINE ROOM. FRANTICALLY THE MEN WORKED AT THE HAND LEVERS...

I CAN MAKE IT!



IMMEDIATELY HAGEL ISSUED THE ORDER TO BLOW OUT ALL BALLAST. THOUSANDS OF POUNDS OF COMPRESSED AIR ROARED AND WHIPPED OUT THE WATER OF THE BALLAST TANKS....

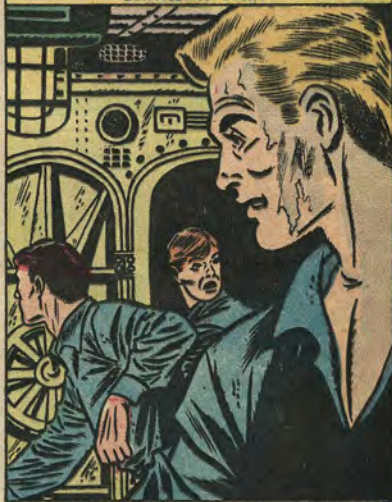


NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON... THE MEN OF THE ENGINE ROOM LEFT THEIR STATIONS AND RUSHED FOR THE WATERTIGHT DOOR TO THE FORWARD GALLEY, STRAINING EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH THEY HELD THE DOOR AGAINST THE WATER'S WEIGHT...

HURRY! HURRY! SHE'S GOING DOWN!



AND ONE STEP AHEAD OF DEATH THE MEN FROM THE ENGINE AND MOTOR ROOMS REACHED THE CONTROL ROOM....



BUT THE GRIM TRUTH SOON MADE ITSELF KNOWN WITH SICKENING FINALITY. COMPRESSED AIR COULD NOT OFFSET THE RUSHING IN OF THE WATER, AND THE SEASURF STERN FIRST, SLID TO THE BOTTOM, TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET, BELOW THE SURFACE!



ALL FROM THE STERN WERE ACCOUNTED FOR. NOW LIEUTENANT NAGEL PLACED THE PHONE HEADPIECE ON HIS HEAD. ALTHOUGH THE LIGHTS HAD BEEN TURN OFF TO PREVENT DISASTER, THE COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM RAN BY SEPARATE BATTERIES... NAGEL CALLED THE FORWARD TORPEDO ROOM...



ON THE BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN THIRTY-FIVE MEN WAITED THE ENDLESS HOURS IN THE BITTER COLD, WITH ONLY A LIMITED SUPPLY OF AIR, WOULD RESCUE COME? AND IF RESCUERS REACHED THEM... WHAT THEN? THE NAVY HAD ACTED QUICKLY WHEN THE SEASURF DID NOT RETURN. NAVY VESSELS AND PLANES SEARCHED THE SEA, FOUND THE FLARES SHOT UP BY THE SUNKEN SUBMARINE. NOW THE SALVAGE SHIP, LONE EAGLE FLOWED THE SEAS.



IT WAS 11:00 A.M. OF THE MORNING FOLLOWING THE SINKING THAT THE LONE EAGLE ANCHORED NEAR THE FLARES THAT HAD BEEN SENT UP. DEEP LINES OF WORRY WERE ETCHED IN THE FACE OF FRANK S. BENTON, THE LONE EAGLE'S COMMANDER.

YOU GO DOWN FIRST, OWEN. THEN YOU, HUGHES. TRY TO MAKE SOME KIND OF CONTACT.

WE'LL USE MORSE CODE WITH A LEAD HAMMER. IF THEY SENT FLARES UP, SOME WERE SAFE.



LATER THERE WOULD BE MANY EXPERT DIVERS ON THE SCENE. BUT TODAY THE BURDEN RESTED ON FOUR MEN. GEORGE HUGHES, YOUNGEST, 22, HAD NEVER BEEN IN DEEP WATER. NOT IN TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET. COULD HE STAND IT?

I'VE GOT TO! I'VE GOT TO STAND IT! THEY NEED JONES AND MCANDREWS FOR THE DIVING BELL!



HUGHES' HEAD THROBBED. HE FELT SICK. HE WONDERED IF HE WOULD BE ABLE TO STAY. ONLY THE THOUGHT OF TRAPPED MEN KEPT HIM GOING. HE DIDN'T SEE OWEN, WHO HAD GONE DOWN FIRST. HE COULD SEE LITTLE OF ANYTHING. HIS LIGHT GLOWED ONLY DIMLY THROUGH THE MURKY WATER. THEN HE FELT SOMETHING UNDER HIS FEET...



HUGHES PLOWED TO THE SURFACE. HE WAS ON THE DECK OF THE SUNKEN SUBMARINE. HE COULD NOT SEE OWENS, BUT HE COULD FEEL THE VIBRATIONS OF HIS HAMMER TAPPING ON THE DECK, INSTINCTIVELY HE COULD SEE THE MASS OF THE CONNING TOWER. HE WORKED HIS WAY ALONG, TAPPING MORSE CODE, ONE STRIKE FOR A DOT, TWO FOR A DASH...



THROUGH MORE THAN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF ANXIOUS WAITING THE MEN IN THE SEASERF COULD ONLY HOPE AND BELIEVE... WITH THE FAITH OF NAVY MEN IN THE NAVY... THEN SOUND CAME TO THEIR EARS... TAP... TAP... TAP-TAP... THEN...

THANK GOD!



ARE YOU OK? LONE

EAGLE TOP SIDE

OWENS, ON THE BOTTOM, HAD RIGGED A SOUNDING BOU TO THE SEASERF NOW THE LONE EAGLE'S SIGNAL MAN HEARD THE TAP-TAP OF NAGEL'S REPLY



OK BUT COLD AND

AIR FOUL

GUIDING WIRES TO THE SUBMARINE WERE FASTENED DOWN BY HUGHES AND OWEN, THEN AT LAST...



LIKE A GREAT PLANET SINKING IN THE SEA THE HUGE ESCAPE BELL DROPPED SLOWLY INTO SIGHT OF HUGHES AND OWEN.

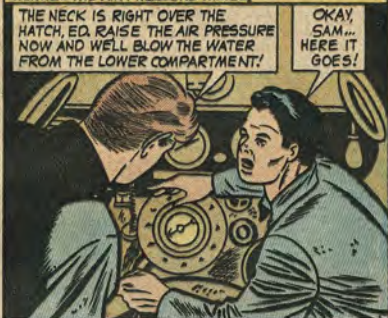
OKAY TOPSIDE! RIGHT ON THE BUTTON.



THE WORK OF HUGHES AND OWEN WAS COMPLETE NOW, INSIDE THE HUGE ESCAPE BELL, ED M'ANDREWS WORKED THE AIR PRESSURE VALVES.

THE NECK IS RIGHT OVER THE HATCH, ED. RAISE THE AIR PRESSURE NOW AND WE'LL BLOW THE WATER FROM THE LOWER COMPARTMENT!

OKAY, SAM... HERE IT GOES!



OPENING THE DOOR IN THE BOTTOM OF THE ESCAPE BELL, JONES LET HIMSELF DOWN INTO THE LOWER COMPARTMENT... ON THE VERY TOP OF THE SEASER'S DECK... TREMENDOUS PRESSURE KEPT THE GREAT RUBBER GASKET TIGHT AGAINST THE SUBMARINE...

I'LL LOCK HER DOWN AND OPEN THE HATCH NOW, ED.

SURE HOPE WERE NOT TOO LATE!



AND THEN... HOW'S THE WEATHER DOWN THERE?

WHO COULD DO A JOB LIKE THAT BUT THE NAVY! NEEDLESS TO SAY YOU'RE A WELCOME SIGHT!



THE FIRST LOAD WAS ON ITS WAY UP SEVEN MEN BESIDES JONES AND M'ANDREWS. THEY DIDN'T SAY MUCH, THEY HAD BEEN TOO CLOSE TO DEATH TO FEEL ELATED, THERE WAS JUST THE THANKFULNESS THAT SHOWED IN THEIR FACES, AND THE LOOK OF RELAXATION...



THEN THE FIRST SURVIVORS REACHED THE DECK. THE DEEP LINES OF COMMANDER FRANK BENTON'S FACE STRETCHED INTO A BROAD SMILE. IT WAS THEN AND ONLY THEN THAT THE CREW OF THE LONE EAGLE REALIZED...

MY BOY! MY BOY!

DAD! IT'S SURE GOOD TO SEE YOU! I WONDERED IF I EVER WOULD AGAIN!



FOUR TRIPS WERE MADE. THEN ON THE FIFTH, WITH THE LAST OF THE SURVIVORS, IT HAPPENED... ONE OF THE GUIDED CABLES SNAPPED...



OWEN WAS TO START SALVAGE WORK ON THE NEXT DAY. HE HAD GONE BELOW. ON DECK WAS ONLY THE YOUNGEST GEORGE HUGHES...

YOU'LL HAVE TO GO DOWN AGAIN, GEORGE. TRY TO UNSNARL THAT GUIDE WIRE. WE CAN'T RAISE THE BELL!



DOWN AND DOWN... UNTIL HE REACHED THE GREAT BELL THAT HELD NINE LIVES. HUGHES STRUGGLED AGAINST THE PRESSURE, AND AGAINST THE PHYSICAL STRAIN... AND AGAINST THE TANGLED MESS OF CABLES...

SHE WON'T BUDGE, TOPSIDE. I CAN'T MOVE THE CABLE!!



THE MEN ABOVE WERE AT A POINT OF DECISION. DARED THEY CUT THE OTHER CABLE AND LET THE BELL SWING FREE? COULD THE SINGLE STRAND HOLD THE WEIGHT UNTIL THE MEN COULD ESCAPE? THERE WAS NO TIME TO PONDER. A KNIFE WAS LET DOWN TO HUGHES... A POWER WINCH TURNED...

THAT DID IT, TOPSIDE!



MY SUITS TORN!
MY SUITS TORN!



THERE WAS NO TIME TO ALLOW FOR RECOMPRESSION. IN A MOMENT HUGHES WOULD HAVE BEEN CRUSHED TO JELLY BY THE AWFUL PRESSURE BELOW. THEY HAULED HIM UP...

QUICK! GET HIM TO THE RECOMPRESSION CHAMBER!



HUGHES WAS HURRIED TO THE RECOMPRESSION CHAMBER ABOARD THE LONE EAGLE. ONLY PROMPT ACTION COULD SAVE HIM FROM DEATH... OR CRIPPLING PARALYSIS FROM THE DREADED BENDS. FINALLY... THE LAST OF THE MEN BOARDED THE RESCUE VESSEL...

THE WORK OF YOU AND YOUR MEN WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY, COMMANDER BENTON. NOT A MAN LOST!

AND NOW IF I COULD ASK ONE MORE FAVOR, I'D LIKE TO PUT THROUGH A CALL ON THE SHIP TO SHORE PHONE.

OF COURSE



YOU SEE I'M TO BE MARRIED... AND I WANT TO TELL MY FIANCEE THAT THERE'LL BE NO CHANGE IN PLANS!



SALVAGE OF THE SEASERF WAS TO TAKE MONTHS OF GRUELLING WORK AND DANGER. BUT A FEW WEEKS LATER THE CREW OF BOTH THE LONE EAGLE AND THE SEASERF FOUND TIME TO ATTEND LIEUTENANT HAGLE'S WEDDING TO MAN HOLIDAY. AND ONE OF THE USHERS AT THE WEDDING WAS GEORGE HUGHES, THROUGH WHOSE COURAGE AT THE LAST MOMENT, THE WEDDING WAS MADE POSSIBLE.

THE END

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DANGEROUS DECEPTION



by VIC EVANS

I hadn't meant to deceive William of course. He was the last person in the world I wanted to trick. After all, I'd soon be his wife. But that realization still didn't stop me from worrying about how to make ends meet. You see, I wasn't what you might call a rich girl—or even one who had her savings put away in some bank. I took care of Mother and my younger brother and everything I earned seemed to melt away like butter.

William, on the other hand, was very rich. That is, his family was. And all his friends and the places we went to personified the enormous wealth he had at his command. Then one would think I could easily have asked him for a loan, but I wasn't like that! My pride wouldn't let me. I would either marry him on my own resources—or I wouldn't marry him at all! There was my trousseau to be bought, my various clothes, a hundred and one detailed odds-and-ends to be acquired and arranged before I could walk down the aisle of a very fashionable chapel with William.

Then too, from the way William talked, I didn't dare shatter his ideals about me. To him, I was a girl *different* from the rest. I wasn't after his money, and I was completely independent of any financial problem. How could I say otherwise? I couldn't! And I didn't want to frankly, even though Mother and Tony, my brother, called me a fool for not explaining my peculiar situation to William.

William was my boss, and I was his secretary. I had gone to work for him a year ago and soon he had asked me out. Now we were all set to be married. William was what you might call—somewhat stiff. He was all manners and propriety—a man removed from the earthy soil of

everyday life. He conducted his romance with me like a broker buying or selling stocks at the stock market. But he was young and very distinguished, had a good name—and he was wealthy. That's all that mattered I told myself. And it was enough! But now I had to find some spare-time work for the next three months until the wedding day—so that I could finance my own small arrangements without bothering William.

To make a long story short, I applied for the Shimmy Dancer's job at a Coney Island Girlie concession! Fantastic? Yes—but I was desperate, and the dancing job paid the best. The manager was a kind man who understood everything, and the nights that I danced in front of the hurdy-gurdy crowd weren't without their pleasant moments. Neither William, nor my family knew anything about it—obviously—and I was saving for my coming marriage.

Everything would have turned out as I planned if it weren't for Jim Baker. He was the young man who had the concession next to mine. He'd always be watching me, talking to me, walking me to my subway and so on. Then one night he kissed me in the park—and I knew I'd never marry William. But my dream of wealth and position were ended with Jim's kiss—and I resented it. We fought terribly. I told him off—and ran to the subway. I was determined that my marriage to William would come off, and that following night, I danced seductively to the strains of the "jungle music" for the last time, content with my thoughts, supposedly.

Then I saw William's shocked face watching me from the crowd. His high-society crowd was with him. He berated me, accused me, shouted at me and left me humiliated and ashamed. Then Jim broke in, grinning unpleasantly at William. Jim had brought William and his crowd to Coney Island in search of "forbidden" pleasures. He had wanted me to see William as he was, I was convinced. As Jim's lips found mine afterwards, I realized that the false lure of position couldn't compare to the bright promise of true romance. Though I was a shimmy dancer—and Jim, a concession man—as funny and amazing as this would sound to anyone else, we were wonderfully happy—one detail I had overlooked with William. A detail that had changed me into the kind of girl I should have been long ago—a girl in love!

THE END



THE

D U D

by VIC EVANS



"If the surgeon learning fenestration technic has not erred repeatedly on the cadaver, he will tend to be too tense in the operating room, because he is anticipating those dangers which he has learned to fear and dread but which he has not been able to 'get out of his system' by constant and familiar practice."

—Archives of Otolaryngology, Vol. 45, p. 337

As any surgeon will tell you, the Lempert fenestration is a very dangerous operation . . . under certain conditions. The one we had just seen performed by the famous Dr. Nesor was the safest, surest, most masterful display of otologic carefulness imaginable. Yet the good doctor was almost unable to pull out of his gloves because of post-operative jitters!

I hesitated to ask him about it, but the sequelae of real fright were unmistakable in his behavior, and I was curious.

My approach was as tactful as I could make it. I complimented him, sincerely, on the perfection of his maneuvers, his skill in protecting the drum and in removing the small bone fragments left by the drill. I emphasized the assurance that everyone felt that there was no danger of permanently destroying hearing in a patient's ear if such competent hands were creating the fenestra.

Then I let him have it.

Casually I commented on the increased danger presented by a case requiring work on the left, as compared with the right, ear. "While I'm utterly incompetent to perform such a delicate feat," I said, "a colleague of mine once told me that it was absolutely necessary to alternate work at the dissecting table of the morgue with work at the operating table of the hospital in order to be able to do it at all."

Dr. Nesor merely nodded.

"He also told me," I continued blandly, "that a busy and popular surgeon might find his time so crowded with the demands of the living that he would be unable to practice on the dead."

"I mutilated more than a hundred cadavers before I even touched a patient," Dr. Nesor growled.

"But if one did," I insisted, "he would be as tense and perspiring and as curt as you were when you ordered the cooling fans turned on tonight—in midwinter!"

The good doctor tossed his apron aside as if he wished it were I. "My dear fellow," he said with heavy irony, "my apprehension was not inspired by fear and dread of what I had failed to do to a corpse, or to a hundred of them.

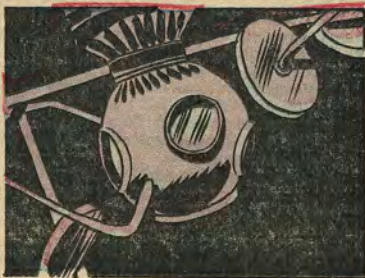
"Neither you nor any of the fools around the table were disturbed by the bungling of that idiot anesthetist who practically filled the room with a concentration of ether and oxygen.

"Don't you know that there have been disastrous explosions in operating rooms? Blasts that have caved in the heads of patients and taken the hands off of bungling anesthetists?" He was fairly shouting.

My voice was perfectly calm when I answered him. "Dr. Nesor," I explained, "that operating room is certified by the Underwriters as safe and static-free. Even the floor is non-conducting. There is no way to produce a spark that would set off an explosion."

"Have you ever heard of friction electricity," Dr. Nesor said, "and have you forgotten that the technic of the Lempert forces me to use an engine-driven drill? Well, you were worried about the burr of the drill, and I was worried about the whirr! We have been working inside a bomb. . . .

"A dud," he said then, softly "Good night."



PEOPLE GET KILLED IN YOUR JOB, POLICE LIEUTENANT DAN CROFT... BUT THAT ISN'T WHY YOU'RE SWEATING RIGHT NOW! THIS TIME BOMB IS ALL SET TO EXPLODE ANY SECOND... AND TO MAKE IT WORSE, THAT SUBWAY EXPRESS IS BEARING DOWN ON YOU! YOU'RE CAUGHT EITHER WAY... SO DECIDE HOW TO DIE... YOU WILL BE JUST ANOTHER UNRECOGNIZED HERO ON THE...

DETONATION SQUAD



IT BEGAN A FEW WEEKS AGO, DAN CROFT! YOU DIDN'T SEE IT... BUT THIS IS HOW YOUR ADVENTURE STARTED! AT A DIME-LOCKER IN GRAND CENTRAL STATION...



SECONDS LATER, A MAN WALKS SWIFTLY AWAY FROM THE LOCKERS THROUGH THE DAILY CROWD...



AND TIME TICKS BY...



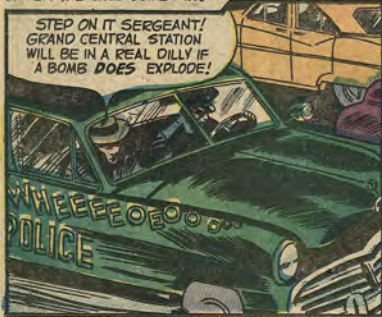
BUT THERE IS ANOTHER SOUND...



THERE'S A BOMB INSIDE!
HELP!! BOMB! BOMB!!



AND THAT'S HOW YOU'RE CALLED INTO IT, LT. DAN CROFT! YOU, PETE FOSTER, SGT. CRAYTON AND THE REST RACE THROUGH THE STREETS TWO MINUTES AFTER THE CALL COMES IN!



AND MINUTES LATER, YOU SHOULDER YOUR WAY THROUGH A MORBID EXCITED CROWD...



YOU'RE AN EXPERT AT THIS, DAN! YOU KNOW YOU HAVE TO MOVE FAST!

D-DIDN'T WANT TO OPEN THAT LOCKER MYSELF, SIR! NO TELLIN' WHEN IT MIGHT GO OFF!

HOW DO YOU KNOW IT'S A BOMB? IT COULD BE A CLOCK!



PETE, CRAYTON, BRING ME THOSE PAILS OF WATER AND OIL! HURRY!

HERE THEY ARE, DAN! GO EASY! WE CAN'T BE SURE..!



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT!



NOW COMES THE HARD PART DAN... THE PART THAT MAKES YOU SWEAT AT NIGHT, AND GIVES YOU INDIGESTION AFTER MEALS... THE "TAKING APART" PART!

OKAY, BOYS... HERE WE GO...! STAY WITH ME, LUCK!



IT COULD BE A CLOCK, DAN... BUT... IT ISN'T...

OH... OH... THAT POINTER IS ABOUT TO HIT THE ZERO-MARK! I'LL HAVE TO BREAK OFF THE FUSE!



M-MY HANDS ARE TOO SWEATY! WAIT... I... GOT A HOLD OF IT NOW!



WHEW! IT'S ALL OVER! OKAY, SERGEANT!
GET THE CROWD MOVING! THE BOMB'S
AS HARMLESS AS A CLOCK NOW!



AN HOUR LATER, ALL LAW-ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES
ARE NOTIFIED! THE F.B.I. IS ALERTED FOR ANY
POSSIBLE SABOTEURS, AND YOUR OWN OFFICE
IN THE BOMB AND LOFT DIVISION AT POLICE
HEADQUARTERS, STUDIES THE CLUES...

THIS IS THE THIRD
ATTEMPT TO TERROR
THE CITY WITHIN
FOUR WEEKS! THE
MAN OR MEN PLANT-
ING THESE BOMBS
ARE WITHIN THIS
AREA!



WE'LL THROW UP A NET
ON ALL SUSPICIOUS
CHARACTERS. THAT
SHOULD DO THE TRICK!

MAYBE, AND
MAYBE NOT, PETE.
WE'LL FIND OUT
SOON ENOUGH!



YOU GO HOME FOR SUPPER, SPEND THE NIGHT
QUIETLY WITH YOUR WIFE! NEXT MORNING, YOU
KISS HER GOODBYE... AS IF NOTHING HAD HAPPENED.

NOW REMEMBER TO BE
HOME AT SIX, DEAR!
WE'RE HAVING SOME
COMPANY, TONIGHT!

ALLRIGHT, HONEY!
BE HOME AT SIX!
THAT'S A PROMISE!



AND AT THE OFFICE LATER...

CHIEF! IT'S A LOONEY, ALL RIGHT... NO
SABOTEUR! THE GUY CALLED US A FEW
MINUTES AGO FROM A
PHONE BOOTH AND
SAID HE'S GOING TO
BLOW UP THE SUBWAY
AT EXACTLY SIX P.M.

WE HAVE EIGHT
HOURS TO GET
HIM! LET'S GO!



THIS IS THE BIG CITY DAN! IF A PANIC GRIPS
THE PEOPLE, IT'S A MAJOR DISASTER! SO
YOU MOVE QUICKLY AND QUIETLY AS ALWAYS...

PLACE MEN AT ALL
EXITS! THEY'RE TO
SEARCH ANYONE
ENTERING OR LEAVING
WITH ANY BUNDLES OR
PACKAGES! BRADY,
PETE... COME WITH ME!

YES, SIR!



MILES OF TRACK! HOW CAN ANY POLICE FORCE TRACK DOWN AN INSANE MAN PLANNING TO BLOW HIMSELF UP INSIDE THE SUBWAY! GOT TO FIND HIM! GOT TO!



YOU CAN'T ORDER THE SUBWAY SHUT DOWN EITHER... OR YOU'LL PARALYZE THE CITY! THE HOURS TICK BY! AND SUDDENLY IT'S...

TEN MINUTES TO SIX!
NOT A TRACE! WE'VE
COMBED EVERY INCH!
FROM 207TH STREET
TO BROADWAY AND
NASSAU STATION!



SUDDENLY... WHEN THERE'S ONLY A HALF-MILE OF TRACK AHEAD OF YOU... YOU SEE HIM!

HE'S CRAZY ALL RIGHT!
NO SANE PERSON WOULD
SIT ATOP A GIRDER OVER
THE SUBWAY TRACKS
HOLDING A TIME-BOMB!



WE'LL CIRCLE HIM AND
MOVE IN QUIETLY! DON'T
EXCITE HIM, WHATEVER
YOU DO!

I SEE YOU! YOU
CAN'T FOOL ME!!
STAY BACK, I'M
WARNING YOU!



IT'S THE END OF THE
WORLD! A GREATER
POWER WILL STRIKE
YOU SINNERS! WE ARE
DOOMED TO ETERNAL
MISERY!

KEEP TALKING,
BUSTER!... JUST
SO LONG AS YOU
DON'T SEE ME!

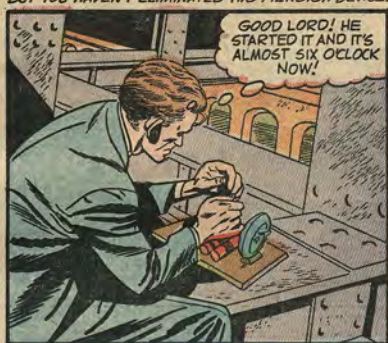


WE WILL ALL REPENT IN...
YA-A-AH! YOU TRIED TO
TRICK ME! YOU'RE GOING
TO CHEAT ME OUT OF MY
DEATH! I'LL FIX YOU!

... I'LL ...

WATCH OUT,
DAN! HE'S
PULLING THAT
TIME-SWITCH!





**AFTER AN ETERNITY, YOU FACE YOUR MEN!
IT'S SIX O'CLOCK! SIX O'CLOCK...AND THE
WORLD STILL EXISTS FOR YOU...**

COME ON BOYS! LET'S
GET OUT OF HERE! THE
CASE IS CLOSED!



A HALF HOUR LATE,
DAN CROFT! DO YOU
REALIZE THAT YOUR
GUESTS ARE WAITING
INSIDE?

I'VE GOT A GOOD
EXCUSE, HONEY!
BUT I'LL TELL YOU
LATER, YOU SEE
IT'S A LONG STORY...!



BLACK GOLD!

YOU'RE CLIMBING HAND-OVER-HAND ON BURNING WOODEN PYLONS OF AN OIL WELL THAT THREATENS TO EXPLODE ANY MOMENT. LYING UNCONSCIOUS ON THE PLATFORM OVERHEAD, IS YOUR ARCH-ENEMY AND RIVAL COMPETITOR WHO HAS FORCED YOU OUT-OF-BUSINESS! YOU HAVE TO DECIDE WHETHER TO SAVE HIS LIFE OR NOT--BECAUSE CLENCHED IN YOUR HAND IS A BOTTLE OF **NITRO!** WHAT WOULD **YOU** DO?



THERE AREN'T EMPERORS OR KINGS IN THE UNITED STATES--AND THERE AREN'T ANY DICTATORS. BUT ROYALTY DOESN'T HAVE TO BE POLITICAL. THE MAIN THING THAT COUNTS IS POWER! THAT'S WHAT BIG HUGH NORTON HAD! HE ALSO HAD THE LARGEST OIL WELL IN TEXAS!

ALMOST DONE! JUST A FEW MORE SMACKS--AND THIS COVER'LL BE WEDGED TIGHT!

UGGHH! THERE SHE'S CAPPED NOW!



OKAY, BOYS! STEP BACK! I'M GONNA DRAW IN THIS GUSHER WITH MY OWN TWO HANDS!

SHE'S ALL YOURS, CHIEF! IT'S A BIG ONE!





SHE'S A GUSHER,
ALL RIGHT! LOOK
AT HER ROAR!!
HA, HA...



YOU DID IT, BOSS!
YOU BROUGHT HER
THROUGH AGAIN!

CONGRATULATIONS, HUGH!
THIS SHOULD BRING IN ABOUT
TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND
BARRELS FOR US!

THAT'S NOTHIN!
SHE'LL BRING
IN MORE!

YES, BIG
HUGH HAD
EVERYTHING
HE WANTED!
HE EVEN
HAD HIS
PRETTY
DAUGHTER
SALLY
TO LOVE
HIM. HE
WAS
RUTHLESS
AND A
TYRANT--
BUT HIS
ONE
WEAKNESS
WAS
SALLY..

OH, DADDY! I'M
SO PROUD OF YOU!
I KNEW IT WOULD
PAY OFF! AND YOU
DROVE YOURSELF
SO!

IT'S ALL FOR YOU, HONEY!
GO BUY YOURSELF ANY-
THING YOU WANT! ORDER
A DOZEN MINK-COATS!
HA! HA... WE GOT ENOUGH
BLACK GOLD TO BUY A
CITY!



I'LL GIVE YOU THE
MOON, HONEY! I-
YOU! WHAT'RE YOU
DOING HERE!

HELLO, NORTON!

GET OUT OF
HERE! GET
OFF MY
LAND!
NOW!

HOLD ON, NORTON! SALLY DROVE
ME HERE! I DIDN'T WANT TO
COME--BUT SHE MADE ME! WE
SAW THE GUSHER FROM THE ROAD!
BUT YOU'RE RIGHT! I GOT NO
RIGHT HERE!



WAYDE,
PLEASE!
WAYDE!!

TELL YOUR OLD MAN I'M GONNA
BUILD MY OWN WELL! THAT'S WHAT
IRKS HIM, DOESN'T IT? TELL HIM
ALSO THAT I'M GONNA SEE YOU IF
I WANT TO! HE'S BOSS ON HIS LAND!
BUT NOT OUTSIDE IT!!



WAYDE CRANDAL WAS A WILDCATTER --ONE OF A HOST OF ENTERPRISING YOUNG MEN WHO COMPETED WITH OIL TYCOONS LIKE NORTON! ONLY HE HAD MADE GOOD! BIG HUGH HATED HIS GUTS, HOWEVER NOT BECAUSE HE WAS HORNING IN ON WHAT HE CONSIDERED HIS OWN MARKET-- BUT BECAUSE WAYDE LOVED SALLY...



OKAY, GUYS! LET'S GET STARTED! THIS IS OUR FIRST WELL! WE'LL SHOW NORTON AND ANYONE ELSE HOW WE CAN MAKE THIS A MONEY-HOLE!



HEY WAYDE/ TROUBLE/ COME HERE/ HURRY!

WHAT THE--?



LET GO!! I'LL KNIFE THE FIRST RANNIE THAT TRIES TO STOP ME!!

BOSS! THIS GUY WUZ GONNA DYNAMITE OUR WELL!!

GET HIM!! KILL THE RAT!

HOLD IT! LEAVE HIM TO ME!



I'LL CUT YOU TO RIBBONS! I'LL --OOPHH!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, BUSTER!!



I'M GONNA TEACH YOU A LESSON! YOU DIDN'T THINK THIS UP ALL BY YOUR LONESOME FELLA! SPILL IT --OR I'LL MAKE YOU WISH YOU WEREN'T BORN!

OWW!! OOOOH... UGHHH!



COME ON, I SAID! SPILL IT!!

D-DON'T CRANDAL! I-I'LL TELL! BIG HUGH GAVE ME FIVE GEES TO QUEER YOUR GUSHER! HE WANTS YOUR LAND! HE GET IT TOO! YOU DON'T KNOW HIM! H-HE'LL KILL YA IF YOU MAKE GOOD! COUGH... COUGH...

NO! IT-IT'S NOT TRUE!
FATHER WOULDN'T-! WAYDE-
I-I CAN'T HIDE IT FROM MY-
SELF ANY LONGER! YOU'RE
RIGHT! BUT I'LL STAY WITH
YOU IF YOU WANT ME TO!

A HALF-HOUR LATER IN WAYDE'S CAMP...

THERE HE IS, BOYS! GET HIM!! YOU'RE A GONER, WAYDE!!

HEADS UP EVERYONE!! BIG HUGH'S SENT HIS BOYS TO GET ROUGH!! OKAY-IF THIS IS GONNA BE A SHOW-DOWN, LET'S PLAY ROUGH OURSELVES!

OH-H!



THIS'LL BE THE LAST WELL YOU'LL EVER BUILD CRANDAL! I'LL TEAR YOU... UGH!!

THROW EM OUT OF HERE GUYS!



I'M GOING TO SEE FATHER! I'LL **MAKE** HIM STOP THIS!!

BOSS! LOOK! SUPPORTS ARE GIVING WAY!!



WATCH IT! JUMP CLEAR!!

NORTON'S HIRED RATS SAWED RIGHT THROUGH THE MAIN TIMBERS!!



WHEN SALLY NORTON RETURNED, HARD EYED MEN GREETED HER. THE BATTLE HAD BEEN LOST. WAYDE STOOD FACING HER, UNSEEING...

WAYDE--I JUST CAME BACK FROM FATHER'S CAMP! IT'S A HOLOCAUST! A CABLE BROKE AND SENT SPARKS INTO THE OIL! THE FIRE'S SPREADING!

THAT'S A **REAL SHAME!**



PLEASE, DARLING! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! IT ISN'T JUST DAD! THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF WELLS HERE OWNED BY OTHERS! DAD'S PLACE JOINS THEM! WE ALL BE RUINED! THEY NEED EVERY MAN THEY CAN GET!

IT'S OKAY IF HE TEARS MY WELL DOWN--BUT WHEN **HES** IN A JAM, IT'S DIFFERENT! WELL--HE CAN STEW IN HIS OWN POT!



OH, WAYDE! YOU'RE JUST AS BRUTAL--AND--AS HARD AS HE IS! DON'T YOU SEE IT ISN'T A PERSONAL FIGHT ANYMORE? PLEASE! --PLEASE--SOB+... SOB+... SOB+...

WELL, CRANDAL! WHADDA YOU SAY?

OKAY! LET'S GO! THE WORSE THAT NORTON CAN DO IS TELL ME TO GET OFF HIS LAND!

YEAHH-H-H!



THE LAND NOW HAD BECOME A MASS OF BLACK SOOT AND SMOKE, MIXED WITH THE ACRID ODOR OF BURNING OIL-- MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WORTH!! CRANDAL AND HIS MEN ARRIVED MOMENTS LATER...

WOW!! I NEVER SEEN NUTHIN' LIKE THIS IN MY WHOLE LIFE!!--MUST BE OVER A DOZEN WELLS GOING UP!

IF WE CAN BLOW UP THAT LAST WELL, SHE WON'T SPREAD!!



WAYDE--OLD MAN NORTON'S UP THERE ON THAT PLATFORM--UNCONSCIOUS! HE GOT KO'ED BY THE SMOKE WHEN HE TRIED TO SAVE THE WELL!!

FATHER--UP THERE! DON'T WORRY, MONEY! OHH--!! I'LL SAVE HIM IF I CAN! AH!--HERE'S THE NITRO!!



MOMENTS AFTERWARDS...

OHHH...!

WHAT AN **EASY** WAY TO COMMIT SUICIDE! THIS NITRO IS GETTIN' HOT! GOTTA WORK FAST... THERE'S NORTON!



THERE! THAT SHOULD DO IT! WHEN THOSE FLAMES REACH THIS BOTTLE--SHE'LL KNOCK THIS SUPPORT SKY-HIGH! NORTON--CAN YOU HEAR ME? GIVE ME YOUR HAND!

CRANDAL--COUGH... COUGH... DON'T BE A FOOL! I--I'M DONE FOR!--SAVE YOURSELF!



I HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO ARGUE! I'M GONNA GET YOU DOWN IF I HAVTA CARRY YOU LIKE A SACK O' WHEAT!!

FASTER, DARLING! FASTER!! THE FLAMES--BEHIND YOU!! **HURRY!!**



BUT WAYDE CRANDAL HAD CLEARED THE WELL SECONDS BEFORE... LATER...

DARLING--DARLING! YOU'RE SAFE!

SHAKE, SON! I-I CAN'T SAY MUCH NOW--BUT WHEN WE'RE ALL RESTED AND CLEANED UP, YOU AND I ARE GONNA START BUILDING AGAIN--AS NORTON & SON, INC! THERE'S ENOUGH "BLACK GOLD" FOR **EVERYONE!**



THE END



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Address

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Key Ring and Baby Doll



Baby Doll

The FUN man, Dept. V-128, FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG

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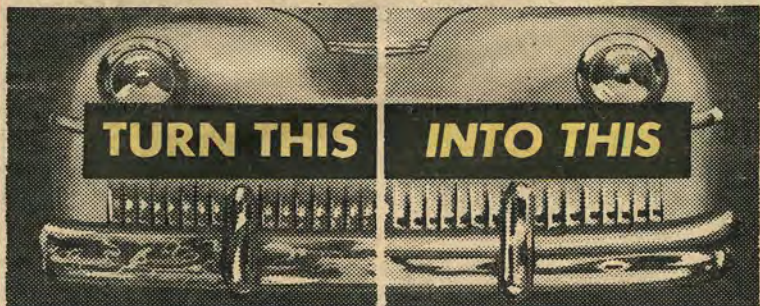
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SEND NO MONEY . . . We Trust You

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RESULTS ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED OR MONEY BACK!

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NATIVE HUTS - Stamp shows primitive thatched huts amid palm trees.



GIRAFFE - Stamp pictures Mozambique giraffe in colorful surroundings.



SNAKE - Handsome triangle stamp pictures a huge and deadly boa-constrictor.



FORTRESS - Stamp shows great Fortress known as S. Gaetano Sotola.



ZEBRA - Another of the colorful animals of this exotic African country.



D H O W - Stamp pictures unusual sailboat used by natives.

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**84 COATS-OF-ARMS OF THE WORLD
ALL IN DAZZLING FULL COLOR!**



IF you mail coupon at once, we will send you—**FREE**—this strikingly handsome collection of Coats-of-Arms from all over the world! 84 different coats-of-arms in all—from every corner of the globe: every country you can think of! (Only a few are shown here, greatly reduced in size.) And each is in **GORGEOUS FULL COLOR!** They come on perforated sheets with gummed backs, so that they can be pasted in a stamp album. Trade them, use them in school, etc. But they are sure to go like "hot cakes"—so make sure you don't miss out! To get your **FREE 84 Coats-of-Arms**, mail coupon **NOW**—while supply lasts!

Yours **ALMOST AS A** *Gift!* **MOZAMBIQUE COMPANY PRIZED STAMPS**

**With Them You Get—FREE—84 Coats-of-Arms
from All Over the World!**

MAIL coupon at once, and we will send you—*practically as a gift!*—this fascinating set of stamps from Mozambique Company, in southeastern Africa. **ALL DIFFERENT!** Really colorful, attractive stamps, picturing animals, snakes, fortresses, native huts and other phases of life in this far-off Portuguese colony on other side of the world. *Only one set to a customer.*

If you act at once, you will receive—**FREE**—84 Coats-of-Arms from all over the world. Each in gorgeous **FULL COLOR**. A strikingly handsome collection you will be proud to display. They can be pasted up in a stamp album, traded, used for decorating personal objects, etc.—a really novel set. Yours **FREE** while supply lasts!

We make this sensational offer to introduce you to the services of Littleton. More people buy stamps from Littleton than from any other concern in the world!

MAIL COUPON AT ONCE

Mail coupon now, and we will also send **FREE** helpful, valuable information on how to collect stamps, how to trade stamps, etc., plus other interesting offers for your inspection. But this offer may have to be withdrawn at any time. Take advantage of it now. Rush coupon **TODAY** to Littleton Stamp Co., Dept. 7-HDY, Littleton, N. H.

RUSH THIS COUPON AT ONCE!

**LITTLETON STAMP CO.
Dept. 7-HDY, Littleton, N. H.**

I enclose 25¢. Please send set of colorful Mozambique Company Stamps—all different. Also send **FREE**—while supply lasts—the 84 Coats-of-Arms from all over the world, **PLUS FREE** information on how to collect stamps.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

They claim this coupon brings you "good luck"



"Six months after mailing the coupon, I had a promotion and a big raise in pay!"



"From the moment I marked the coupon, my luck changed!"

"My break came when I sent the coupon!"

These statements are typical! I.C.S. gets letters like these regularly. Coupon senders report pay raises. Others win important promotions or new, interesting assignments. Still others find happiness, job security, opportunities never dreamed possible.



Is it LUCK? The results are so impressive, so quick in coming, that some say the I.C.S. coupon is "lucky." Of course, that's not true. The real reason for these amazing results is what happens to the person when he or she mails the coupon.

Coupon is first step! Naturally, you want to make good. But you've put off doing something about it. Mailing this coupon is *definite action!* It shows you're fed up with waiting for the breaks. You're determined to make your own breaks! And this determination alone accounts for much of the "luck" you'll start to experience.



You get free guidance! Within a few days you get the helpful and inspiring 36-page book, "How to Succeed." It's crammed with information. For example, it tells you in detail how to plan your career. Also how to prepare for advancement. In addition, you get a free catalog on the I.C.S. course that interests you. With your new-found determination and these two books as your guides, you're ready to cash in on your hidden abilities!

391 I.C.S. courses! You'll find a partial list of courses in the coupon below. Each course is up-to-date, extremely practical, completely success-tested. You study in your spare time. Set your own pace. Correspond directly with instructors. Cost is low. Diplomas are awarded to graduates. I.C.S. training rates high in all fields of business and industry. You won't find another school like it.

Call it being "lucky" or being "smart." Whatever it is, you're one step closer to your goal when you mail this famous coupon!

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BOX 2447, SCRANTON 9, PENNA.

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW TO SUCCEED" and the booklet about the course BEFORE which I have marked X:

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Art | <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Fitting | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics | <input type="checkbox"/> Stationary Fireman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Magazine and Book Illustrating | <input type="checkbox"/> Air Conditioning | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial | <input type="checkbox"/> RADIO, TELEVISION, COMMUNICATIONS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning | <input type="checkbox"/> Electrician | <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Good English | <input type="checkbox"/> General Radio |
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